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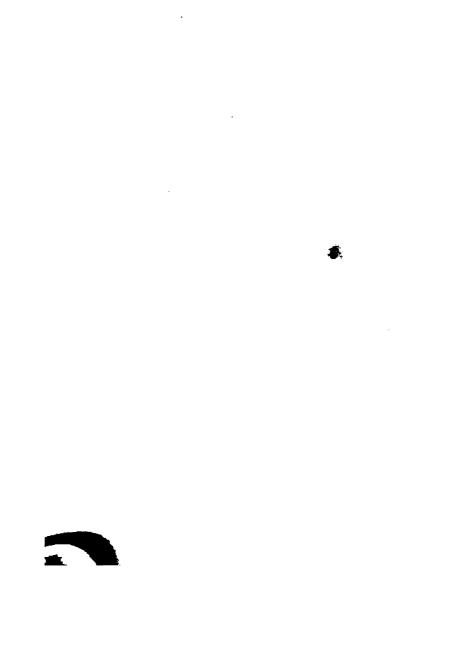
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Legends

OF

Mestmorland,

AND

Other Poems;

WITH NOTES,

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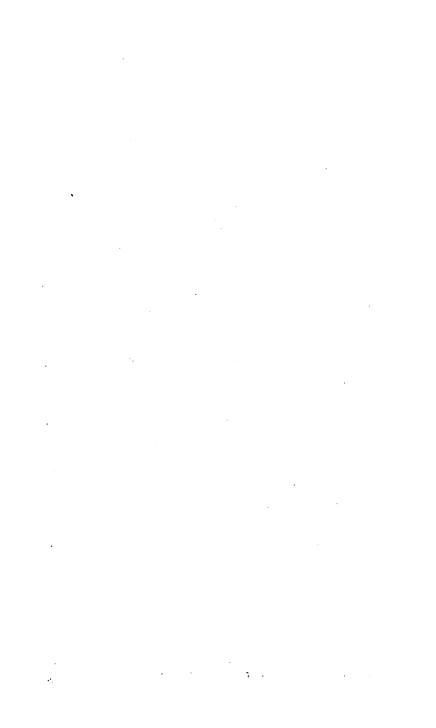
ANTHONY WHITEHEAD, REAGILL.

Penrith :

PRINTED BY R. SCOTT, 5, DEVONSHIRE STREET.

1896.





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LEGENDS

OF

WESTMORLAND,

AND

OTHER POEMS;

WITH NOTES,

BY

ANTHONY WHITEHEAD, REAGILL.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store."

The Lady of the Lake.

Penrith :

Printed by R. Scott, 5, Devonshire Street. 1896.

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POEMS.

"HEIGH JACK, HO JACK, IS TE WITHIN?"

A LEGEND OF BEWLEY CASTLE.

Lang sen when Moss-troopers an thieves fra the Borders,
At neets when 'twas meun leet oft reayde a foray,
When the Armstrangs an Hardens outschemed the march
wardens,

An fowt them sea fiercely they were fworc'd ta giv way

'Twas then the grand Cassel o' Bewley steude proudly, Its turrets majestic, an battlements strang: Defied aw the villains an rogues fra the Borders, The Tweeds-men, an aw the Northumberland gang;

Sea bold, stout, an sturdy it steude in its grandeur,—
The windows were stanchioned wi' strang iron bars,
Ant' double yak deurs wi' rough plugs they were studded,
Fit a month to defy a fierce siege i' the wars.

'Twas Christmas time, when the Laird an his lackeys
Were feasting wi' t' Machels at Crackenthorpe Ho,—
The neet it was chilly, cauld, biting, an windy,
An t' grund frozen under a griming o' snow:

When a sairey auld woman beneeted an weary, Com up to the gate, then sat doon on a steayne; An she scarcely hed strength for to poo the bell-rapper, God help her, she leuk'd as if strength was aw geayne

But wi' girt exertion, at last,—though but faintly,
She meayde the bell tinkle,—the housekeeper hard,
Wha nowt but hersell was on maken resh cannels,
An being trustworthy she kept the gate barr'd.

A lamp then she leeted—went streight to the gateway,—
A while she 'connoitred to see wha was there,
When the hauf-starved auld huzzy she spied on her haunches
Devoutly and loudly was drwoning a prayer.

She ax'd her her wills, and the auld woman answered,
"May aw heaven's blessings be showered o' yer heed,
If in ye there's gudeness to give a neet's lodgin,
To a peur auld creature i' want and girt need."

"Be off wi' your flam hypocritical flaatchin,
Or I'll lowse the girt dog, an he'll rive ye to rags;
An come nea mair here, we want nowt wi' seck trullies,
Sea off ye auld gipsey mak use o' your legs."

T' auld woman then tried wi' reet humble submission,
To mak hersell off—when she tottered an fell,—
Though the housekeeper's heart was proof 'gain compassion
Yet thus she bethowt her some news she mud tell.

Sea she cawd o' t' auld woman to hoist up her carcase, While she slid the bar back to let her come in, T' auld jade though sea feckless her trunk gat upended, Reet thankful o' shelter fra t' frost an cauld win.

Then the housekeeper scan'd her an ax'd where she co' fra, Her answer was, "Scotland, nar t' toon Aberdeen"; "An what were the news as ye cross'd ower the Border? What mischief's a brewin? what rogues hev ye seen?"

"Gude faith," says t' auld woman, "aw's peace an gude manners,

There's na been any plunderen for a lang while, Ner yance been a rade fra the rogues or the ravers, Sen they hang'd hauf-a-dozen at t' toon o' Carlisle.

An I wish they'd mak gibbets to hang aw seck robbers,
The Armstrangs and Hardens, an aw the heale gang,
Then weel 'twad aye be for us peur honest bodies,
That wants to be godly, an 's leayth ta du wrang."

The wayfaring stranger sea fowten an weary,
Laid doon on the squab then, an seun fell asleep,—
The housekeeper doon on her knees daben reshes,
By accident, up her ragg'd cwoats gat a peep,—

A pair o' men's shun, an the slops of his britches, She just gat a glent at,—then teuk the alarm,— But being stout-hearted her wit just bethowt her, She'd give a het posset her belly to warm.

T' auld woman o' t' squab on her back she was snwoaring, While t' housekeeper quickly replenished her pan Wi' fat fra the larder,—and seun hed it boilen, To teem doon her throat, be she woman or man.

Just then a shrill whissel fra outside the window, An a voice cried out "Heigh Jack! is te within?" The housekeeper tauntingly answered the speaker, "Aye, Jack's here, but he's scauded in his skin."

Nea answer she hard, but ran streight to the turret, An click'd doon the bugle,—a loud blast she blew, That rang through the trees o' the forest cross Eden, An waken'd the bloodhound—the signal it knew.

An t' blast o' the bugle loud as t' wind o' the helm,
It acted like magic the country round,
Fwoak com to t' conclusion,—for weel they kent signal,—
At some of the Borderer rogues were come doon.

Then they armed theirsells quickly wi' flails, guns, an gullies,
To join wi' the Laird an his trustworthy men;
An off they aw set to the Cassel o' Bewley,
To show their good courage, the pleayee to defend.

But when they gat thither they fand nowt molested,
Though t' bloodhound was ranty an growlin in t' yard,
Sea they march'd in to t' Ho—hard the housekeeper's stwoary
'Bout t' woman i' britches an t' boilen het lard;

Then they went an examined the strange leukin huzzy, At t' housekeeper scauded wi' resh cannel fat, An under her gown they seun fand she weare britches, Twea pistols, a dagger, buff belt, an what nut.

Then they trailed the man-woman far into the forest,
An buried him snugly an under some trees,—
Though unshrouded or shriven he gat extreme unction,
At least summet like it, wi' het cannel greese.

ODE ON BURNS' CENTENARY.

Written for a Convivial Meeting held on that occasion at Appleby, by the Members of the Mental Culture Society.

Tune your pipes ye Scotchmen o',—
Harmonious blasts wi' vigour blo',—
Gar them ring fra sno' to sno',

That haps the frozen poles;—
Rouse up and join ye nations o',

In answer to their calls.

And hail with joy the winter's morn,—
The hundredth year, sen Burns was born,
To feayce this world's rough toil an scorn,
And meet her proud rebuffs;
Sair hyp'd by her mischievous horn;
But he gev back the cuffs;

An skelp'd her fauts wi' vengeance strang,
Gev pride and envy many a bang,
And hypocrites wi' canten slang
He dealt them lusty whacks,
Then reayve their clwoaks to screeds ham-scram,
And lash'd them ower their backs.

Tyrannic power sea hard he hits, Nar reayve her rule and rod to bits,— Flay'd lang-tongued scandal into fits,—

For it was his belief
She'd sprung fra 'mang the brimstone pits,
A nasty, noisy thief.

But sense an worth he does extol, And rings their praise fra pole to pole, That raises up the honest soul

In high or low degree,
Tho' he be poor and hes to toil,—
To independent be.

His words of weight act like a charm, On frozen hearts, and beat them warm; Gives nature still a nobler form,— Of beauty and of worth;

Draws pictures grand, fra t' blackest storm, Makes paradise on earth.

The stream, the river, brook, an tarn, The fruitful field, the yellow corn, The wee bit daisy, and the thorn,

The heather on the hill,—
Wi' beauties mair he does adorn,
An makes them sweeter still.

He paints the youthful woman's charms, In lovely sweet angelic forms,
That fires the soul—the heart it warms
With pure untainted love;
But blasts the heart wi' vengeful storms
That base deceivers prove.

The rock, the mountain, hill, an glen
Are aw indebted to his pen;
He gives immortal neaymes to men,—
The worthy and the brave,
But scourges hard wi' bitter splen
The cowardly and the knave,

In sang he reigns the monarch grand,— At heayme, away, far ower the land,— Girt is the power he does command

O'er witty and the dull;— Where'er he waves his magic wand He cheers the flagging soul.

When Nature does the hills adorn,
And spreads her mantle ower the thorn,
There it mud hing despis'd, forlorn,
An wither i' the blast.

If Robert Burns had ne'er been born
Its beauties wad been lost.

Around this world's stupendous sphere, Aw nations will his neayme revere, Our girt grandbairns next hundredth year,

When it again returns,
Will welcome it wi' hearty cheer,
An reverence t' neayme of Burns.

As lang as t' sea throws up its spray,— Or Greenland hills are happ'd with snaw, Or lungs hev strength a blast to blow,

Or minstrels' harps are strung,— By classes aw, beayth high an low, His sangs they will be sung.

When Nature meayde him t' mould was lost, Nea mair like him she'll ever boast; Tho sair amang us he was toss'd,

'Twas few that ken'd his worth, But now we honour him wi' cost An celebrate his birth.

He gev the world to understand Where wealth and worth gang hand in hand, Nea fitter powers to hev command,

An rule sea girt a nation;
But far ower oft the pest o' t' land,
Fills that important station.

His manly independency
Does teach his brother man to be
Abeune this world's lcw knavery,
Its cunning tricks an ways,
But live in love and harmony
Till death shall end our days.

And when to heaven he did appeal,—
Wi' houest heart an fervent zeal,
That God's great goodness he might feel,
Sea earnest was his prayer,—
And aw his friends that wish him weel
Will wish to meet him there

THE DOBBIE.

A GHOST STORY OF CROSBY HALL.

Ya dismal dark December neet,
When t' wind in t' chimley sood,
Com bealen doon off Crossfell heets
A helm rough and loud,

Dreayve back the hulet to his haunts, And gar'd him shelter late, Fair shack'd the rannel bawk et swang The keayle pot ower the grate.

Thick hail showers flew about betimes, Black clouds hed muffl'd t' meune, A reglar rumpess there was held Int' elements abeune.

An t'ewoaly cur crap under t'sconce, Betimes he gev a growl—
Mair awful still fra t'auld Kirk Tower
The deeth-bell gev a towl.

'Twas seck a neet as witches chuse To play their hellish pranks, Or boggles stoap about in t' Ho's To streight their crobbak'd shanks.

Yan mud ha' thowt aw t' wizards hed Wi' t' lords o' hell combin'd An raised the wind to seck a pitch To tuzel up mankind.

Twas in the days of auld Queen Bess, When I begin my tale, At Crosby Ho, that stormy neet Of helm wind an hail.

When gust bi gust blew up the heck, An clatter'd up the deur, The good auld deayme was in a feake She freeten'd was for sure.

It mud be t' storm, or summet else Et flay'd auld deayme sea sair, For pokey conscience sometimes scrats A sair pleayce when its bare.

An t' neighbours guess'd,—if they guess'd reet,
That yance upon a time
A dreedful deed there hed been deune,—
An awful bleudy crime.

A man o' horseback hed been seen Gang riden to the Ho, Weel drest an mounted whup an spur, Fwoak sed 'twas t' heir-at-law.

An efter t'draw-brig he hed cross'd, He nivver mair was seen, That meayde the busy neighbours think He'd surely murder'd been. For twea days efter, there was seen,
The sair scar'd stranger's hack,
'Mang t' bucks an does i' Willey Park
Wi' t' saddle on its back.

An this is aw et I've to tell,
About this strange affair,
But if t' auld deayme hed lowsed her tongue
She mud ha telt far mair;

But it hes nowt to du wi' t' teayle
At I intend to tell;
There's fwoak enew to feed black fauts
An cram them till they swell.

An sair 'twad set them into t' poots, If I their reet sud claim, Sea I will leeve them grunten wi't, An to my teayle again.

The family aw spread round the hearth,—
Strang guarded as they thowt,
Fra t' madden'd blast an t' stormy wind
That rag'd sea fierce without;

The sarvant lasses they'd begun
To winnle, wind, an spin,
The auld woo-wheel it whirr'd an buzz'd,
An meayde an awful din.

For in thur days nea idle hours
Cud there be spar'd at o',—
The wind and wheel wad deev'd the Deel,
That varra neet at t' Ho;

The gude man sat in t' yack arm chair, Sea lordly i' the neuk, An just to keep his conscience reet He'd teune the Holy Beuk. When crash! went summet up in t' loft,— Dumfounder'd went the wheel,— The hands let gang the clews o' garn, An t' bairns began to squeel:

When crash! again, an then a leet Com flashen through the room, Then in there stoaped—O Lord! to tell, It withers on my tongue.

An awful form! wi' brimstone low
Oot shinen fra the een,
Drest in a shroud, wi' noiseless step,
Up t' heck com gliden in;

The deayme she turn'd up t' white o' t' ee, Of strength she hed nin left; As t' shapless form a gully waved, Wi' bleudy bleayde an heft;

The gude man dodder'd i' the neuk,
Aghast! wi' t' awful seet,
An creepin ower his carcase ran
A cauld an shivery sweet.

Though he sea reglar went to t' kirk, On Sundays twice a day, An read betimes in t' Holy Beuk,— Betimes he try'd to pray.

Aw this would nut his conscience calm, When t' bleudy knife he saw,—
If he was guilty o' some crime,
"Twas then the time to know.

But he'd yance read some far larn'd beuk, When in his younger day, At if fwoak spak a boggle reet, "Twas sure to gang away; Wi' reverence then he clasp'd his hands, An solemn thus spak he,—
"Why hes te left thy ain dark heayme, An come to trouble me?"

In answer then the boggle spak
Wi' an unearthly voice,—
"When man embrues his hands in bleude,
The Deevils they rejoice."—

"An sells his soul for golden gains,
To rob the rightful heir,—
His soul he may redeem fra hell,
But rest he'll find nin here.

"There was a time, I was confined Wi' Popish rites an spell, But now they're banish'd, monks an aw, Sea here I mean to dwell.

"Sometimes I'll tak up my abode Within the mantle tower, Sometimes I'll haunt you i' the Ho, About the midneet hour:

"Now mark my words an mend thy ways, Throw off hypocrisy, For few's the years thou mun stay here, An then thou's gang wi' me."

It vanished then;—the family left
In shuddering silence there,—
As pale as deeth they aw sat still,
Wi' wild an vacant stare.

Nea rest they gat that neet, ner t' next, Ner yet for many a day, For t' boggle acted to its word An nivver went away. Sometimes it lick'd the window pane,
In shap of a girt white bull,
Sometimes it shak'd the mantle tower,
Sometimes it towl'd the bell;
An thus it carried on for years,
To think on't maks yan whidder,
Till t' auld man cock'd his teas an then
They beayth went off togidder.

THE LYVENNET.

As t' sun sank doon aback o' t' hills, Ya bonny summer neet, An t' gloamin it was squeezen in, Between the dark an leet.

Aw Nature leuk'd sea teayme and mild,—
Sea bonny an sea green,
The sky was clear as bells o' glass,
Nea clouds there could be seen.

When I trodg'd ower Crosby Fell, In t'rwoad towards heayme, I sat me doon beside t' Black Dub, Where t' Vennet taks her neayme.

An while I sat to rest mysel,
Wi' musing mair an mair,
I thowt o' scenes in days lang sen,
An vex'd mysel reet sair.

To think how poets wi' their sangs,
Their minds sud sea perplex,
'Bout Eden, Lune, the Tyne, and Tees,
An scwores o' mucky becks.

But nivver yance a squeek could spare, To oor Lyvennet streem, Tho' pure she is, an breet as glass, Weel worthy o' their theme.

Proud o' their neaymes some becks mud be, An loudly mud they boast, If they hed entertained a King, And aw his numerous host.

For here King Charles gat a drink, Ya day when he was dry, And aw his cavaliers beside, Twea hundred years geayne by.

Oh! what a seet it wad ha been,

For country chaps like me

To see a King armed heed and heel,

An aw his cavalry.

Wi' beards like besoms ower their mouths, Wide jackbeuts ower their shins, An girt brass helmets on their heeds, Chain'd down belaw their chins.

An pistols strap'd ower t' saddle hump, Lang spurs stuck on the heel, An ower their hands to t' elbow joint, They'd mittens patch'd wi' steel.

Thick leather jerkens hap'd their sides, Steel plated breests and backs, Quite strang eneuf to feavee the blows Of Cœur-de-Lion's axe.

Their breayde breet swords nar three feet lang, What slashing there wad be, When they com skelpin feayce to feayce, To feight the enemy. Their horses roughshod, stout, an strang, Com prancing ower the ling, They drew them up in rank and file, While they saluted t' King.

Then they dismounted round t' Black Dub, By hundreds an far mair, To rest theirsells an git a bait, For they were tir'd sair.

An when they'd pang'd their kites wi' crusts, They drank the crystal spring, Then vow'd destruction to auld Nol, An loyalty to t' King.

An sweare wi' vengence how they'd skelp. The croplug'd canten crew,—
If they sud meet them i' their march,
They'd give them rebels' due.

But feights are sometimes t' easiest fowt, Before they're fowt at a',— Oor boasted deeds an hee-flown schemes Mun oft-times hev a fa'.

For while they brag'd o' deeds undeun, Auld Cromwell didn't fear, He then was eastward listin men To follow i' their rear.

Then how they met, an how they fowt,
An how their beaynes were smash'd,

I'll leave for other men to tell,
How they were cut an slash'd.

Eneuf for me they halted here,
The Soldiers and the King,
An drank the watter clear an pure,
An honor to the spring.

^{*}Worcester.

An then they mounted horse agean, When they had drunk their fill, An reayde a gallant cavalcade, Sea boldly ower the hill.

How dare ye then ye minstrel crew, Thus treat oor beck wi' scorn, When she'd seck royal honours paid, At t' place where she was born.

Here at her birth-place laal wee stream, Sea modest an sea shy,— She toddles round t'laal cobble steaynes, As she gaes gurgling by.

An t' silvery sided menem crew, Can scarcely watter find, To swirt about in t' bits o' dubs, An hap their backs fra t' wind.

For becks an bairns are feckless things, When they're sae young an smo, But time an snacks will mak them strang, A powerful friend or foe.

For seun she grows a lusty beck
As she gaes doon the hill.
Gits bits o' helps fra t' dubs an t' sykes,
Aw t' way through Crosby Gill.

An laykes an loshes ower the steaynes,
Like kitlins wid a clout,
Howks grubs an worms fra under t' breas,
To feed t' laal hungry trout.

Then briskly runs by Raven's Cragg, Where Nature's bonny queen Clean caps man's art an painter's skill To picture seck a scene. 'Twas here the Danes a standard stuck, When they first gat command, An flay'd peur Britons nar to deeth, Then steayle their huts an land.

Then she again at Aggy Lum,
As Burns says "loups a lynn,"
That's heed an heels ower t'edge o' t'rock,
She tummels bulnecks in.

Then rwoars reet out, and throws up froth,
To watch her maks yan fain,
Then rolls her tail few times about,
An off she sets again

To meet an join wi' other becks, As man sud meet his brother, An nut despise what Nature meayde, But yan assist another.

Then doon by Crosby thro' the holme, She gangs a gentle pace, To kick up rows when nar a kirk Wad be a sad disgrace.

An here there steude a noble kirk,
A kirk of ancient line,
When monks an friars rul'd the land
In days of auld lang syne.

But time an tyrants meayde sad wark,
They grimed her beauty sair,—
They rob'd her of her ornaments,
An left her varra bare.

Till yan weel will'd in heaven's cause,*
For which we sud be fain,
Hes mens'd her up wi' labour girt,
An now she shines again.

*The late Canon Weston.

Sea let us gang us neighbours aw
That leeve by Vennet's side,
To thank oor God wi' honest hearts,
But nut to show oor pride.

Ner find oot fauts in better fwoak, But to their words give heed, Nea doot they say an dea for t' best, To help us in oor need.

There's ya sma hint I'd like to give,
To young fwoak when they wed,
Just leuk aside where t'Vennet joins,
A beck fra Odin-head.

How weel they 'gree wi' double strength, When they are beayth meayde yan, Sea keep't in mind lang as ye leeve To follow up their plan.

Then as I said wi' double strength,
She zigzags doon to t' Flass,
Where stands a mansion grandly built,
It cost a syte o' brass.

Where girt fwoak think to hev their way, Mak becks obey their will, An turn auld Nature t' wrang side up, Send watter back up t' hill.

They cawd her clumsy in her gait,
An clownish in her ways,
Then thowt to larn her manners mair,
An mak her stand i' bays.

An there they held her for a while,
Till she grew mad and rwoard,
Then reayve their bays an dams to rags,
An onward then she scwoard—

By Meaburn Ho wi' sturdy strength, Through a girt Lord's domain, Where oft they tried to hem her in, Or send her back again.

She laugh'd an shak'd her tail wi' scorn,
To show peur silly man,
That Nature is his maister still,
Wi' aw his art and plan.

Yet many a prank she oft-times plays, To skale the rich man's coin, Before she gits her journey's end, Where she does Eden join.

For like daft man she oft taks whims, When tempests mak her fain, She'll dance to t' music of a storm, An thrive wi' showers o' rain.

Then rwoars an rummels doon her course, Sea boldly an sea grand, An rowls the cobbles oot o' gait, Throws up girt banks o' sand.

An then again she's mild an teayme, Sea gentle an sea clear, An lends a helpin hand to man, At times throughoot the year.

She turns his mill, an grinds his cworn, An watters aw his kye, Gives drinks to tramps as weel as kings, Or any yan et's dry.

Aye sarras aw fwoak just alike, Let them be rich or peur, For girt fwoak's favours cares nea mair Than t' dirt o' top o' t' fleur. But tries to larn consaited fweak,
A thing they owt to know,
Sea keep't in mind ye haughty hurd
That Nature meayde us aw.

JOS. O' T' HO; OR THE BEDEEVILED.

Ya stormy neet beayth rough an dark, When t' wind yuled oot sea hee, An t' leetnin flashed like bomb-shell blasts, When brusten as they flee,

An t' thunner rummel'd up in t' clouds, Fair crashed oot o'er yan's heed, Eneuf to terror strike the Deel, Or waken up the deed.

When aw t' auld wives an t' bairns i' Shap, Were freeten'd wi' the din, A jovil crew at Greyhound tap For t' storm ne'er cared a pin.

They laugh'd and bragg'd of deeds they'd deun, In days that were geayne by, An vow'd they'd back John Barleycorn Till t' casks were aw run dry.

An then their neighbours backs they claw'd, At Ploverigg and at t' Tarn, Where leev'd the crossest mortal man That ivver yet was born.

His brow was wrinkled doon to t' een, He nivver was known to smile, But curs'd an gurn'd whene'er he spak Like Calliban on the Isle. But Nature hes a debt to pay,
For t' gluttony of Eve,
She pawn'd man's life for t' lunch she gat,
He can't for ivver leeve.

Nea mair could Jwohn, tho' cross he was, Nea doot he curs'd her weel, When he'd to leave his cross-grain'd clay An tramp off wi' the Deel.

An when they'd tired wi' cardin Jwohn, An teazin his affairs, They fratch'd betimes amang theirsells An drank to droon their cares.

Amang the crew a jovil crwoan,
Mair boisterous than them o',
I'll nut say drunk, but gay weel cworn'd,
An this was Jos. o' t' Ho.

Tho' four lang miles was he fra heayme, Besides a muir to cross, By haunted cairns an boggle steaynes, But this ne'er daunted Jos.

He brag'd about his valiant deeds,
And ghostlins he did gibe,
Defied the Deevil an his imps,
An aw the boggle tribe.

An thus they crous'd, and brag'd, and fratch'd An bless'd John Barleycorn, Their voices boisterous as the blast, An louder than the storm.

Till t' clock it warn'd them to depart, An t' hostess did the seayme, Gave Jos. o' t' Ho his stirrup cup, An wish'd him weel at heayme. Then Jos. bestrayde his bay nag Jack,
An splashed through muck and mire,
For t' blast he didn't care a plack,
Nor yet for t' leetnin's fire.

Then up t' Kirk Bank he splatter'd on, Amang the pit less storm, An pass'd hard by the Stooping Steayne, Without the least alarm.

At last he gat to Harbourn Rigg, Besplash'd wi' muck an rain, An then a muir without a rwoad, It puzzled Jos.'s brain.

But still he onward bent his way, An zigzag'd God knows where, Till a plantation he espied,— Of t' woods Jos. hed the care.

An there some sheep were croppin t' trees,
Jos kent them by the horn,
He teuk an oath he'd put them oot,
Back'd by John Barleycorn.

But as he hounded, there he spied,
Twea horsemen dress'd i' black,—
An fast as Jos. could drive them oot
Thur chaps they dreayve them back.

Says Jos. "an insult seck as this
Sal ne'er be borne by me,"
Sea he reayde up to t' foremost chap,
An thunderin thus spak he—

Says he "I'll clash thy lugs wi't' whup, An t' other chap to beut," When ah! he spied a tail and horns, Likewise a cloven fout. He stared aghast! then glower'd again,
An squamish 'gan to feel,
When he fairly saw t' taen was cross Jwohn,
An t' other chap the Deel.

Then round he turn'd, and lick for smack Ower Harbourn Rigg flew he, Just like a comet in its track, Wi' girt velocity.

Then on his axis hauf way round, He turn'd to git a lear, Spied Jwohn an t' Deevil, cheek for chowl, Come scamperin in his rear.

Then onward faster Jehu like,
He reayde wi' furious speed,
An peur Jack's sides he gash'd wi' t' spurs,
An meayde them sairly bleed.

Then t' leetnin gev another flash, An blackness turn'd to blue, Show'd Jos. an awful seet indeed, Ofhell it was a view.

Girt Deevils shap'd like frosks an teayds,
Wi' fangs and ugly een,
Were gurnin at him fra aw sides
Seck seets Jos. ne'er hed seen.

He tried to pray, but hedn't time, He thowt of deeds he'd done, How lasses he hed some beguiled, An ruin'd them for fun.

Then t' Deevil rwoar'd oot in his lug Sea hoarsely and sea hee, "Desist thy prayers, I claim my due, This neet thou's gang wi' me." But Jos. again tried whup and spur, Ower dyke an ditch he sprang, An aw the legion at his heels, They rais'd a hellish chang.

But when he gat to Howbeck Brig, They vanished in a mist, Left Jos. bedeevil'd or bewitch'd, Or how he hardly wist.

But heayme he gat beayth safe and sound,
Tho' freeten'd he mud be,
Deserted by John Barleycorn,—
Aye sober'd sair was he.

An as he sat by t' ingle neuk,
His stwory did relate,
How Barleycorn hed led him wrang,
An left him in a strait.

An wish'd a warnin thus to give, Et fwoak mud understand, That t' Deevil an John Barleycorn They are beayth in a hand.

He's waur by hauf than t' Deevil is, He leads mair bodies wrang, Some he murders, some he starves, An thousands he does hang.

An then their souls, if drukken men Hev any souls at aw, He sends them neck an heels to h—l, Amang their comrades aw.

"BO-O-O."

A century or mair before Julius Cæsar,
Ower t' nation o' Britain e'er hed the command,
Or before oor brave fadders knew t' use o' steel weapons,
To feight for their freedom, their lives, an their land.

But valiant they were and defended the nation Wi' clubs and steayne hammers, when it was oppress'à By hordes of sea robbers fra Denmark or Sweden, That landed by swarms on oor coasts i' the West.

Ya time a girt lot o' thur reed-heeded villains,—
Their leader weel knawn by the neayme o' girt Bo,
Gat secret landin et fine Bay o' Morcombe,
Without opposition or meetin a foe.

Then they clam the hee mountains o' Hardnot an Wrayness,
Past Windermere Lake an ower Langsleddle Fell,
Then meayde a grand halt i' the Forest o' Fawcett,
Adjoining the valley of fair Borrowdel,

Where romantic Nature in frolicsome humour,
Hed formed a fine landscape her fancy to please,
For good taste an grandeur ther's nin cud surpass it,—
Rough rocks an hee mountains, a streamlet an trees.

Yan maist mud ha' thowt she'd expended her genius, An tried her last shift to mak beauties sea rair, But 'twas merely a casket or case to hod jewels, An t' diamond within it was Agitha fair.

Her brave Celtic fadder was t' lord o' the valley, An oft went to hunt the wild boar i' the wood; An she was a maiden far famed for her beauty, Sea modest and lovely, sea graceful an good.

But to try to describe her fair form or her features Wad be like describing o' t' fishes in t' sea, For if nut an angel, I's sure she was like yan, An that's aw t' description ye'll e'er git fra me. Ya fine summer day as her goats she was herding,
While they gat sweet pasture o' t' steep mountain side,
A wild boar doon t' valley sea fiercely com plungen,
An t' band o' marauders behint it she spied.

Then she clam the steep crag,—a teayme goat her companion,
As t' horde o' sea robbers com scamperin by,
An Bo being t' foremost a sidelens he glented,
Then as bad luck wad hev't her fair form did espy.

An beauty's a loadstone that hes girt attraction,
The brave an the mighty will yield to its charm,
Even kings and girt heroes, we read in auld stwory,—
The valiant in battle 'twill quickly disarm.

An the fierce foreign chieftain, tho' grim and hard hearted, Wi' soul bent on plunder,—left chasin the boar, For a gleem o' seck beauty as quick as a quiver, Browt on a sensation he'd ne'er felt before.

Wi' promises fair an a deel a fine coaxen,

He tried to perswade her the rock to descend,

But of seck a like sweetheart she hedn't least notion,

To her his appearance was grim as a fiend.

Sea aw his palaver was lost o' the maiden, Nea notice she teuk of his jabber an chang, She bad him be off and leeve her unmolested, Then clam up still heer the rude rocks amang.

Sea, he disappointed, unbuckled his helmet,
Clam up the steep crag,—gat a snatch at her goon,
But t' goat nut bin used to seck foreign impudence
Teuk a runibur at him an tummel'd him doon.

Then backwards he flew off ya ledge tuv another,
An his heed again t' crags it gat many a clash,
His neck oot o' joint, an his beaynes were aw broken
When at t' bottom he bat wi' tremendous crash.

Then the goat and fair Agitha hied ower the mountains, An met wid her fadder a crossing the fell,— When he hard the sad teayle, they aw fled to Langsleddle, An bad to their valley for ivver farewell.

When the oot-landish heathens fand t' chieftain a missing, Chop-fown wi' lang feayces they hied back again, An in a rum pickel—cauld deed there they fand him, At t' feut of the crag where he hed been slain.

Then they flock'd round the body completely bewilder'd, Stagnated they steude, and confounded i' thought, Then they curs'd the base cause of this awful disaster, But laal did they think it was deun by a goat.

Awhile they aw mourned his sad fate in hard earnest,
Then went to lait oot a fit pleayce for his grave,—
They stuck up their spears an their shields they hung ower
them,

An raised a girt fuss ower this oot-landish knave.

On a hurdle o' bews i' rude pomp they convey'd him, An buried his body by t' leet o' the meune, An girt wer' t' dimensions o' t' cairn they raised ower him, In Cairnigill Forest o' t' banks o' the Lune.

But still back to Borrowdel his spirit went roamin,
To hover round Bo Crag an giv't an ill neayme,
An centuries lang efter he freeten'd the natives,
When they'd been oot a huntin an on their way heayme.

Sea awful his form, an his voice like a barguest,
An rwoar'd oot at midneet,—a terror was he,
Till t' monks gat the power wi' bell, beuk, an candle,
An laid the fiend-spirit far in the Red Sea.

But his neavme still remains sea terrific an freetful,
A demon in t' nation sea fell and sea fo',
An auld mear 'll startle an throw off her rider,
When she hears the dread sound of the terrible "Bo."

THE WITCH O' TEBAY.

A fearful teayle I's gawn te tell,
Of wicked deeds by magic spell,
Caused mickle fear, as ye sal hear,
In Tebay Toon lang sen;
Where leeved a hag—an agent she
To his Satanic Majesty;
As some full weel do ken.

In shap unseemly she was meayde,
Her voice was like the crowken teayde,
Forbidden mien, wi' fiery een,
An tawny was her skin,
Her nwose was sharp,—a heuked shap,—
An ower-hang that teuthless gap
Abeune her beardy chin.

'Twas near the rwoad this sybil dwelt,
Whare passers by oft brimstone smelt,
An feared them mitch this Tebay Witch,
Was acten nowt o' t' dow;
Likewise they oft-times saw a cat
Run through the window, black as jet,—
Unearthly was its waw.

An t' neighbours aw they kent reet weel,
She oft went rompen wi' the Deel
To some kirk yard when t' wind blew hard,
To cantrip ower the deed;
An then com back 'twas their belief,
Brimful o' power to work mischief,
Et caused them mickel dreed.

For t' auld grim Fiend sea black an foule,
She'd setten tenant on her soul,
An he wi' greed secured the deed,
Sea firm 'gain her decease,
An aw the Popes that Rome e'er bred,
Or aw the mass that e'er was sed,
Could nivver breck the lease.

An in return he did impart

To her the use of his black art,

To practice then on mortal men,

An du them bodily hurt;

To blight the cworn she raised the blast,

Gar'd coves in t' shippum beal their last,

An secklike hellish spwort.

An yance it was her wicked will
To play her pranks at Cairnigill,
An witch'd them aw beayth girt an smo,
Spar'd nather lass nor lad.
They gurn'd and jabber'd i' their talk,
An jamp astride o' t' rannel bawk,
As if they'd aw been mad.

An yance ya bonny March day morn,
In t' distance rang the huntsman's horn,
And in the train was Squire Burn,—
A sportsman keen was he;
By Tebay Brig they teuk their route,
There met this jade o' dark repute,—
Reet scwornful thus spak she:

"It's like yer honour wants a hare,
O' Loupsfell side ye'll find yan there,
The gowlen pack may smell her track
An catch her if they can."
The Squire thank'd her,—off they reayde,
An through deep Birbeck's stream did weayde,
Though fierce the current ran.

Then up the brea they quick did ride,
A lusty hare then they espied,
Sea plump an fat on t' grund she sat,
Wi' lugs beayth breayde an lang.
Five ells she was fra rump to crown,
Her scut was like a giant's thumb,
An limbs beayth stout an strang.

Seehow! beal'd oot the huntsman then,—
Away went hounds an hare an men,
Their gowlen chang in echoes rang,
Far up the steep Brea Sty.
The screaming curlews i' the air,
Appear'd to heg beayth hound an hare,
Their utmost speed to try.

Then in full view ower Borrowdale edge,
By t' Roman Camp at Borough Bridge,
Swift bounced their nags ower rocks an crags
Then cross'd the rwoaren Lune:
An on t' Fair Mill—of Celtic date,
Where fairies held their midneet fète,
An danced by t' leet o' t' meune.

'Twas here in ages long ago,
Were laid the beaynes o' mighty Bo;
His greayve the seayme, that gives a neayme
To ancient Cairnigill;
An here 'twas pussey meayde a squat,
An on his cairn awhile she sat,
Then scamper'd up the hill.

An shak'd her scut in utter scorn,—
Defied the huntsman an his horn;
Then skim'd the ground,—left horse an hound
A lang way in her rear;
Then Burn cried oot in deep despair,
"We'll nivver catch this cursed hare,
She'll beat us aw I'll sweare."

But still they followed on the chase,
Though sair they slacken'd i' their pace:
In nea girt glee the huntsman he,
Reet sulky was an soore;
Just then the hare sat doon to rest,
An up com hounds an men a-breast,
To vengence on her pour,

But puss their movements slyly watch'd

For she'd nea nwoation o' bein catch'd;

Then up she glopt, an off she popt,

Sea briskly up the glen.

But when to Tebay she drew near,

T' auld wives ran oot cried "Heigh! she's here,—

Come on beayth hounds an men."

But puss her freedom leayth to yield,
Just teuk a turn through Glopper Field
An gained the knowe at Cassel-how,
Then vanished fra their seet;
But in her steed, upon some steaynes
There sat the auld witch, Mary Beaynes,
Aw in a tift an sweet.

Wi' wicked lear and leuks o' scorn,
She thus addressed the Squire Burn:
"Ye'r jaded sair—pray whare's the hare
Ye chased far ower the fell."
Then Burn he cursed her for a witch,—
A wizened hag an brimstone b—h,
An sweare it was hersell.

For by enchantment, spell, an charm,
She hed the power to change her form,—
"Twas she nea doot hed led the route,
In shap o' t' Loupsfell hare.
Then she creuned oot an eldrick laugh;—
The sulky hunters sizel'd off,
For gull'd they were reet sair.

Then next by her infernal spell,

She witch'd some geslins i' the shell,

Their chilp an squeak for nar a week,

Declared the deed she'd done.

But for the seayme she'd cause to rue—

A neighbour's wife some secret knew,

At stop'd her fiendish fun;

An mair ner that she understood
The secret charm of rowntree wood,
An magpie wings, and secklike things,
To guard peur fwoak fra harm;
The eggs they teuk them yan by yan,
An put them in a heated pan,
To brek the witch's charm.

They'd scarce begun the dreedful deed—
When up com t' witch o' raven speed;
But they the deur hed meayde secure,

Till t' eggs they'd fairly burn'd; Although she beg'd an prayed amain,— Aw her entreaties were in vain,

Beayth threats an prayers they scworn'd

'Twas then a storm began to rise,
An thick black clouds ower spread the skies,
The wind it sood sea hoarse an loud,
An rwoar'd the trees amang,
Then off the timmer reuf'd the thack,
Gar'd t' riggin tree an rafters shack,—
A tempest rough an strang;

Then fiercer still,—the savage blast,
An peals o' thunner loudly crash'd;—
When on the storm there reayde a form,
Sea awful an sea grim;
Then streightway did approach the dame,
Says he "l's come my reet to claim,"—
Then teuk her off wi' him.

Sea yea old maids whame lovers slight,
Ne'er pawn yer souls to t' De'il i' spite,
Though false in love yer sweetheart prove,
Tak care an mind yersell;
An think upon that awful neet,
When t' Witch o' Tebay teuk her fleet,
To whar—I daren't tell.

AN ADDRESS TO TOURISTS.

Ye Southerns aw that like a jaunt,
Amang oor hills to hev a rant,—
Of Nature's scenes we are nut scant,
Ner beauties rare,
We've lakes an spas, or owt ye want,
An good fresh air.

Sea if ye like oor hills an dells,
Just spend a month at grand Shap Wells,
An there ye may enjoy yersells
Wi' reet good will;
Then some fine day come ower the fells
To Re-a-gill.

A far-famed pleayee throughoot the land,
Whare leeves the famous Thomas Bland,
At t' fine arts he oft tries his hand
Wi' good success,
For he's a garden truly grand,
Ye'll say nea less.

Beayth rich an peur are always free, Nea money gitten man is he, But welcomes strangers in to see, An leuk aboot, Wad scworn to tak a penny fee When they gang oot.

Sea if ye come, it's worth yer while,—
For there's some scenes will mak ye smile;
There's t' queerest things fra 'yont the Nile,
Auld skulls an beaynes,
An heathen gods, beayth girt and lile,
Cut oot o' steaynes.

Then on ye gang the scenes increase,— There's emblems beayth of war an peace, An painted scenes of ancient Greece,

Beayth lakes an hills; Some weel taen views of nags an bease, Auld briggs and mills.

An t' Venus's ye're sure to see 'em, For girt's the beauty coupled wi' 'em, An aw steayne neayk'd—the Lord forgie 'em,—

They're queer to see, But de'il a bit o' sham there's i' 'em, Sea why sud we.

An there's St. George, oor patron saint,
Wha crusade 'mang the reptiles went,
An fowt a dragon doon i' Trent,—
A valiant deed,
Wi' mighty fworce a spear he sent

Reet thro' its heed.

An statues mair of equal worth, There's Cæsar brave of Roman birth, At yance com here wi' thretnin wrath,

A lang while sen, An fairly ower ran the earth Wi' aw his men.

Next, Poet Burns, whase soul of flame Low'd reet an left, an blaz'd his fame; Throughoot the land he weel can claim Respect sea dear;

For ages lang his well ken'd name Fwoak will revere.

Next yan of literary skill,*
Wha hed the power as weel as t' will,
To put oor language thro' the drill

An sift it sair, Whase fadder leeved at Meaburn Hill; He was born there.

*Addison.

Then Walter Scott, the novelist,
Amang the rest mun not be miss'd;
His magic spell nin could resist,
Where'er it call'd,

For t' beuks he wreayte were fairly kiss'd By young an auld.

An statues mair of different grades,
There's some I think they caw Crusades,
An sum I dunnet ken their trades,
I dar'n't lee;

But there's some shes, girt skelpin jades, Twice t' size o' me.

But it wad tak a week var near,
To tell of aw the things that's here:
The sphynxes, tigers, wolves an deer,
T' twa dogs o' Burns,
An laal neayked lads carved oot sea queer
O' top of urns.

An things howked oot o' cairns an reaynes, At's cost t' chap many tifts an greaynes, Auld tip horns, an sowder'd beaynes,

Girt fossil shells,

Auld Roman mills, an gowks o' steaynes, An Celtic mells.

An girt men's busts stuck up in niches, Dogs, an divvils, fiends an witches, First rate men, and low born wretches, Wad mak ye laugh;

An then hissel wi' roven britches, To finish off.

Then if ye've time to stop an talk,
When t' garden round ye've hed a walk,
This Bland's a chap at likes a joke,
Or a good crack;
An tallin towards it was a rold freely

An tellin teayles bout queer auld fwoak
He hes the nack.

Indeed he'll tell ye owt ye please,—
How cwoals are meayde of gurse and trees,—
An t' grund was yance wesh'd ower wi' t' seas,
An under watter;

But Lord forgive him—seck girt lees!
We aw know better.

But mebbe ye'll say t' same by me,
An think I've telt ye a girt lee,
But come yersels an then ye'll see,
For t' distance 's nowt,
When at Shap Wells and on a spree,
"Tis a nice ride oot.

But there's a hint I owt to gie ye,—
Tak hurt I wadn't like to see ye,
Sea bring yer wine an biscuit wi' ye,
We've nea hotels;
Ner for yer nags ther's nut a strea,
Sea find yersells.

EXTEMPORARY TOAST.

At an Entertainment on Christmas Day, 1858, given to th Villagers of Crosby Ravensworth, by their Vicar.

May sorrow's wings an tail be clipt,
If she attempt to flee
Ower t' boundary mark that guards the heart
Of them sea kind an free;

An may their keayle-pot nivver swing Dry-bag'd ower the crain, But be weel cram'd wi' beef and broth When Christmas comes again;

An may we aw wi' thankful hearts Enjoy the bounteous cheer, An wish the generous soul that gev't Another happy year.

BET WHISSEL.

Some toons are famed for decent fwoak, An some for muck an pride, While some are famed for thrift and craft, An many things beside.

It's laal that Reagill Toon can boast, I'll stick to what is true; But still some honour sud be gi'en Wharivver honour's due.

An here we've yan at hes a clame, Bet Whissel is her neayme, An her I mean to mak my theme, For she's a worthy deayme.

An auld thack'd hoose was her abode, A single stwory hee, For t' chimley top she'd hauf a kirn, An windows there were three.

But glazners might dispute the term, An ca' them mere leukoots, Because the wholls were scant o' glass But stuff'd wi' rags an cloutes.

The inside of auld Betty's hut
Was stor'd wi' useful ware,
A numerous lot of hoosehold goods
That show'd beayth thrift an care.

A cuckoo-clock hung up b' t' wa'
 Suspended by a ring;
 Λ rock, a reel, a woo-garn wheel,
 An a besom meayde o' ling.

A cubbert, kist, an brandrith frame, Garnwinnle, cards, an hot, Tom cannelstick to haud the resh, Forby the whig-whey pot.

A toasting-dog, a warming-pan, Three whishen-boddom'd chairs, An in a corner steude the bed, For she hed nea upstairs.

A teapot wi' a putty spoot,
A girdle an a grid,
A nail stuck through a Moasdale slayte
She us'd for t' keayle-pot lid.

A wood dough-dish wi' fifteen creaymes
To haud it up togither,
An twea girt wholls in t' boddom on't
Were patch'd wi' tacks an leather.

Her library show'd how keen her taste
For literary lwore;
Æsop's fables, Robin Hood,
An almanacks three scwore.

A faithful schedule thus I've meayde Of what she did possess, Except her cleayse an chamber-ware I'll leave ye them to guess.

Ya winter's day, when days ar' short, She gat a mid-day tea, A wallet teuk for shop-goods, and To Morland off went she.

An there she met three dear auld crones, Their tongues seun went apace, An sair condemn'd the wickedness Of aw the human race. First they charg'd the wealthy crew, Wi' aw their deeds amiss, An wonder'd why the De'el was keept If rich fwoak went to bliss.

An some fwoak couldn't pay their rint, Which prov'd them short o' brass, What business hed seck fwoak as them To keep a sarvant lass.

An some fwoak nivver went to t' kirk, For souls they didn't care, An some keept dogs to bite peur fwoak, An some gat drunk and sweare.

Just then t' kirk clock gev five dull peals, Bet started to her feet, An sed that heaymeward she mud gang For it wad seun be neet.

Then she set off, wi' wallet cramm'd,
As full as it could be—
Treakle, cannels, snuff, an meel,
Sugar, seayp, an tea.

But when she crossed the Skelly Rwoad, A fearful object steude, Wi' body lang an oot-stretched arms 'At fairly chilled her bleude.

How she gat heayme she nivver knew, But being fairly spent, She threw her wallet into t' kist An off to bed she went.

Next morn she rush'd fra hoose to hoose, To tell what she hed seen— An awful thing wi' oot-stretched arms, An carcase lang and lean. The sweet ran hailen doon her back,
While hair raised up her bonnet,
An she declar'd the thing she saw
Belonged to that a' donnot.

Then yan o' t' neighbours laughed reet oot Tell't Bet her wit she'd lost, He ken't the pleayce whar t' boggle steude, An it was a guide-post.

VALHALLA—A DREAM.

Oor harvest it was nut commenc'd,
An hay-time it was through,
Sea I just teuk a holliday
As there was laal to do.
The day was fine, I grayth'd mysel,
An teuk a rammel o'er the fell
As far as Nelson's Spa Hotel,*
To spend an hour or two.

I there met ladies young an auld,
An gentlemen forbye,
Some fra London, Shap, an York,
An three fra t' Isle o' Skye.
Though I was rader heaymly dress'd
I pross'd about an did my best,
An order'd tea amang the rest
Though I felt rader shy.

My awkward geayte an clownish ways
Gar'd t' waiteress leuk wi' scorn,
She says "Ye'd better tak yer tea
Amang the lower born."
"Nay, zooks," says I, "I'll let ye see,
A gentleman for yance I'll be,
I can pay eighteenpence for t' tea
If I du without to-morn."

^{*} Shap Wells Hotel.

Then tea we hed an lots o' crack,
Wi' many a rare good jwoke;
I saw nea pride the gentry hed,
Nea mair ner common fwoak.
Though we'd some high-class ladies there,
Of polish'd manners—young an fair,
A laugh amang us they could spare,
Reet weel they liked a jwoke.

Then efter tea we aw drank wine,
Smeuk'd 'bacca an cigars,
Then some began a farlarn'd crack
'Bout ancient Celtic wars,
An summet 'bout archologists,
An beaynes being fund i' cairns an kists,
An steaynes set up i' curves and twists
About oor rocks an scars.

An thus sped on the efterneune
Like smeuke before the blast,
As if it grudg'd me o' the time,
It sped away sea fast.
For t' joys o' man, though e'er so gay,
Shine breet awhile but seun turn gray,
An time, at drives aw things away,
Dreayve me off heayme at last.

I bad good neet, then teuk the rwoad
As t' stars began to peep,
An Nelson's wine gev some breayde hints
I'd supp'd a sup ower deep;
For my peur shanks teuk t' steck full oft,
An clean knock'd up 'side Shap-shaw Croft,
Sea I sat doon on Carl Loft,
An seun fell sound asleep.

The dreem at then com i' my heed Show'd me a wondrous thing, Mair strange than e'er Mahomet saw, Or Babylon's mighty King: Doon in a valley rich and fair Fine trees of ivvery kind grew there, An fruit in clusters ripe an rare Did on the branches hing.

Though neither sun ner meun ner stars
A glorious leet did shine,
An through the valley briskly ran
A streem of purest wine,
An some girt trees grew leayves o' breed
In shap an size 'bout like yan's head,
While 'bacca grew below yan's treed—
Oh man! the seet was fine.

An up the vale, close to the streem,
Mair wonders catch'd my seet:
A mansion hewn of solid rock,
'Twas marble polish'd breet.
Quite capp'd an maiz'd I teuk a stand—
I'd oft hard tell o' Fairy land,
Thowt I seck craft by mortal hand
Wad ne'er been sea complete.

An when I glower'd upon the scene
Mair wonders cross'd the line,
That gar'd the hair stand o' my heed
Like brissles on a swine.
Forth fra the mansion com in swarms
Some hazy, misty, muslin forms—
'T wad capp'd the Witch of Endor's charms
Ta telt their shaps at a'.

They stoap'd about wi' ghostly tread
In numbers mair an mair,
Till like a mist before a blast
They vanish'd off in air.
But nar to whar I'd teun my stand
There sat an auld gray-heeded man,
He leuk'd reet sad an awful wan,
As if in sad despair.

I says "Good day my ancient friend,
What gars ye hing yer heed;
In this good pleayce ye nowt can lack
You've 'bacca an you've breed;
An mair ner that you've lots o' wine,
An t' pleayce ye leeve in leuks reet fine,
Sea tell me friend, what gars ye whine
Wi' ivvery thing ye need?"

The auld man turn'd his heed around,
Wi' visage grim an stern
Says, "Mortal, what hes sent thee here,
What hes thou come to learn,
Thou that ne'er knew a second birth,
How com thou here from upper earth
To sport on me thy silly mirth,
A spirit of the cairn?"

"Says I yer wrang, I'm void o' skits,
Ner meant to hurt yer pride;
In fact I'd scorn a trick so mean
Sea ye've nea reet to chide.
But cheer up friend an smooth yer brow,
I beg a favour—tell me true,
What is this pleayce within my view?"
The auld man thus reply'd:

"If thou be of true Celtic race,
Or valiant deeds be thine,
To tell thee of Valhalla's place
The task it sall be mine.
But thou, ere I can grant the claim,
Must drink success to Celtic fame,
An drain a bowl to Odin's name
Fra this clear brook o' wine.

"Agre'd, agre'd, we'll seun be friends,
The plan is good says I,"
For like the rest o' mortal kind
A loff still maks me dry.

Then towards him he did quickly pull An auld bleach'd weather beaten skull, An at the brook he fill'd it full— Says he "that portion try."

But, ah! I boh'd, an backward steude,
Seun as I gat a glance
The tankard's oddly shap an form
It speayn'd my drought at yance.
Just then I fand a fragrant smell,
Sea thus I reason'd wi' mysel,
If t' kernal's good what odds o' t' shell,
I'll e'en tak when I've t' chance.

Then when I'd drain'd the goblet grim,
An prais'd Valhalla's cheer,
The gloomy cloud of t' auld man's brow
Did partly disappear.
Then I sat doon at his command:
Says he, "This pleayee sea rare and grand
Is cawd by neayme Valhalla's land,
An Celtic souls dwell here.

"Alfadder form'd this wond'rous pleayce
When dayleet first began;
Some thousand years we've here enjoy'd
The goodness of his plan.
An that queer, hazy host you've seen
Are warriors' ghosts gone forth I ween
To hover round their cromlechs green
An watch the deeds of man.

"For sen the antiquarian crew
Their new trade did begin
It's gar'd us in Valhalla mourn
Their sacraligious sin;
Like otter dogs they hunt oor beaynes,
Rive up the cairns, howk through the reaynes,
Where e'er they find a heap o' steaynes
Like swines they're reuten in.

"Although we hover round the cairns
To scar away oor foes,
But nowt, alas! will paralize
Ner cramp their gculish claws;
Nea grinning ghosts can check their greed,
Unearthly greaynes give them nea dreed,
They steal oor teeth for dentist's need,
To stick in empty jaws."

He paused, says I, "Let's sup again
Before ye end yer theme."
Sea t' auld man reach'd for t' skull yance mair,
An fill'd it at the streem;
But as I rais'd it to my lip
I felt a horrid, ugly nip,
Some pissimers hed stung my hip
An woke me from my dreem.

BET FLETCHER.

A STORY OF MAULDS MEABURN, A.D., 1585.

Twea Bessies ruled upon a time Ower each important station, Bet Fletcher rul'd on Meaburn Green Her neaymeseayke ower the nation; But some yan else may hail the Queen While I hail Bess o' Meaburn Green.

She'd lang been famed for strength o' lungs, Her tongue it was a tearer, An some odd times she used her claws When fwoak com ower near her; Three worthies oft dropt in for t' mass, Her husband, t' cat, an sarvent lass. Nea doot her patience oft was tried, As it will seun be seen, For t' Laird o' t' land a Cwourt House built Nar t' Cross on Meaburn Green; It grieved some mair as weel as she Seck vile encroachment thus to see.

They met ya day beayth men an wives To haud a consultation, To rail at those who caused their woes, The tyrants of the nation; The men fwoak growl'd, the women raved, To think they were sea sair enslaved.

Bess Fletcher then addressed the men, Her skin wi' wrath grew reed, An t' odds an ends o' stumps an fangs Fair clatter'd in her heed; Her voice was like t' discordant wawl Of cworting cats or wild-goose squall.

She skirled out—"Ye cowardly cauves, Yer hearts are soft as tallow, To thus be wranged o' what's yer reet, Shows courage weak an shallow; Yer nut aw worth as many groats, Pray change yer breeks for pettycwoats.

"We'll poo the Cwort Hoose doon oorsells
An ye may aw sit neuter,
Or stop at heayme and nurse the bairns,
An we'll be t' men for t' future;
We'll stride the nags, an brave the wars,
An keep ye free fra cuts an scars."

The auld wife's speech hed good effect, The men fwoak meayde a sally,! To late up axes, hacks, an saws, Then round the Cross did rally; When the Lord's Bayliff then was seen Coming riding up the Green, He loudly cried "What want you here? Your business tell to me:"
"Just find it oot," Bet Fletcher cried,
"Wha cares for t' likes o' thee,

Thou puffin podkite—brasent feayce,
Thou's far ower big grown for thy pleayce.

- "Ner for thy maister we care nowt, Wi' aw his boasted riches; He'd chase a beggar ower a bog, For t' buttons off his breeches."

 Just then was seen the Laird himsel On horseback coming up pell mell.
- "What's the meaning of this mob?"
 His Lordship fiercely cried,
 The words hed scarcely left his mouth
 When Bess as quick repli'd:
 "Sham o' yersell an selfish deeds,
 Ye'd rive the hair fra off oor fleeds.
- "We warn'd ye oft nea hoose to build, Whar oor bit nags gat pasture; An if ye'd teun t' advice we gev, "T wad spared ye this disaster; For doon yer hoose we mean to throw, Reuf an riggen, wood, an waw."

Quickly then the men began
To mak Bess' words prove true;
They clam the waws, threw off the thack,
An sew the beams in two;
The women help'd the deurs to smash,
While some threw t' waws down in a clash.

The Bayliff steude like yan bewitch'd,
For he was sadly freeten'd;
His Lordship's voice was droon'd i' noise,
Though loud an hard he threeten'd;
For men ne'er pan'd sea weel to wark,
They'd doon'd the whole afwore 't was dark.

It wa'd o' capp'd King David's harp
To teaymed his Lordship's wrath,
His chowking thropple labour'd hard
To whelp a lusty oath,
An sweare that they should pay for 't dearly
For he wad punish them severely.

He wrote a letter to Queen Bess, Hoping she'd hev nea objects To use her ruling rod amang Her lawless Meaburn subjects, An give beayth hes and shes a lash For they hed gien his Lordship fash.

But though the Queen yance harshly used A feminine offender,
She spar'd the sex on Meaburn Green
But lash'd the masculine gender,
An sent her mandate wi' a clark
To summon them to t' toon of York,

Whar they'd to pay twea crowns a piece Forby their lang pedaster.
What then—they fairly bet the Laird, An still retain'd their pasture,
For ducks an donkeys may be seen
To this good day on Meaburn Green.

DEATH CHANT OF THE PROSTRATE SYCAMORES AT REAGILL.

Mourn aw ye lovers of landscape's sweet beauty,
An curse the foul deeds that hev lately been done,
For mammon's let lowse, an he rages wi' fury,
In t' laal toon o' Reagill—base wark he's begun.

We, the girt trees, by aw strangers admir'd, Sea lofty in stature and lovely in form, When the rough helm tempest did fiercely besiege ye, We spread oot oor shields to defend ye fra t' storm. Is this oor reward for the service of ages,

That ye the base agents of mammon can show?

May the arm be unnerv'd wi' a fit o' the palsy

That laid oor reuts bare to the axe an the saw.

Vain! vain! oor appeal to the minions of lucre In pity to spare us an let us remain; Aye! vain was oor cry to the selfish an soulless, Their miserly object was paltry gain.

But we mun remember the words o' St. Stephen,
Let ignorance plead for their barbarous fun,
Though the deed shows them worthy o' t' fate o' black
Haman,
"Don't curse them, they know not the mischief they've

ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

Ah, Muse, ye auld deceitful jade, Ye sed mi fortune wad be made If I wad larn yer rhyming trade, But what a lee; E'en how to get m' debts aw paid Oft puzzels me.

At first yer flaachin gar'd m' think
I seun wad reach Castallia's brink,
By jove, thinks I, I'll hev a drink
At fortune's well,
An then m' rhymes I'll gar them chink
Like Lincoln's bell.

Then like the many senseless asses
I gat astride yer wing'd Pegassus,
An thowt to gallop to Parnassus
On Posey's Hack,
Then graze awhile on wisdom's grasses
Ere I com back.

But, ah! yer beast it teuk the steck
Lang ere I reached Castallia's Beck;
It kicked an threw me ower its neck
Wi' seck a splodder,
That turn'd m' prospects into wreck
For crittic's fodder.

An sure eneuf the hungry pack
Ful seun began to hunt m' track,
But when they fand the scanty snack
Was but a crust
Nea doot they sham'd an sea turn'd back
Quite in disgust.

Sea fare-ye-weel auld gabblen hag,
Nea mair I'll try to mount yer nag,
I'd seuner feed on beggar's swag
In some dark cave,
Or end m' days on Wasdale Crag,
Than bide yer slave.

THE DEATH OF HAR.

A LEGEND OF HARBERWAIN RIGG.

'Twas on a bonny summer's day
When Nature's bairns were thrang,
The young lambs dancen jig an reel,
To t' laal birds' tuneful sang;
An Flora's sweets, mix'd wi' the breeze
Sea gently wafted fra the trees,
The hawthorn bloom an rose perfume
Declar'd for sweetness t' month o' June
Aw other months could bang.
In Wyegill Woods the throssles sang
An cushats flutteren flew,
The squirrels lak'd the trees amang
An jamp fra beugh to beugh.

I thowt how bless'd while free fra vice Was oor first dad in Paradise, When bird an beast did wid him feast Nea murd'rous guns fear'd they the least, Ner enemies they knew.

Hauf maizl'd thus I steude and leuk'd,
An listen'd to the tuneful lyre
Of Nature's harp, what music sweet
The birds in t' woods an bees in t' air!
I thowt how wisely things were deun
By that Almighty Power abeun
'At meayde the trees, the rocks, and seas,
Gygantic beasts, an laal sma fleas,
An things for ivver mair.

My soul sea pleas'd with Nature's craft
At last I teuk my way
To hev a range on Harbourn Rigg
That bonny summer day.
I'd not geayn far till I espied
A man set on a hillock side,
A sketch beuk he hed on his knee;
Then streightway I went up to see
What could him there delay.

Says I "Sir chap, I's war'nt yer thrang,
What's teayne yer fancy now?
Is it that rubbish heap of steaynes,
Or is't you distant cow?"

* Says he "That rubbish heap o' steaynes
Owerhaps the mightiest chieftain's beaynes
That ivver trod Westmaria's sod,
Or counsil ax'd of Odin—God—
When he'd girt deeds to do."

"That's news," says I, "bran new to me,
About this wond'rous man,
Reet fain I'd be to hear the teayle,
Pray tell me 't if you can."

Then thus spak he an gev a leer,
"If ancient teayles ye like to hear
Pray sit ye still doon on this hill."
"Thank ye," says I, "an that I will;"
Then thus the teayle began:

"In ancient times when forest trees
Grew thickly on the plains,
An wild boars rang'd about in t' woods,
An wolves lurk'd in the glens,
A Saxon chief, of lusty frame
An lion's strength—Har was his name—
Claim'd aw the grund you see around
Fra Shap-Beck Yat to Worton Toon,
And round by Asby Grange.

"An Harbourn Rigg it gat its neayme
Fra t' bitter griefs of Har,
For ne'er was chieftain mair oppress'd
By thieves an bloody war.
But fierce and fiery were the men
That followed in this chieftain's train,
They bow could draw, an jav'lin throw
In self defence against the foe
Their thievish pranks to mar.

"An yance upon a time there com
Fra Norway's barren coast
A foreign chief, weel arm'd for war,
Back'd by a numerous host.
An streightway he a message sent
To show the Saxon his intent,
How he did claim beayth wood an game.
And sentenced Har to quit the same
In three days' time at most.

"Then Har a council quickly held, An summon'd aw his men, To whom he telt the news—an ax'd 'What answer mun we send? Then oot o' scabbards swords did flash,
An teeth within their heeds did gnash,
Crying 'Neaymes be sham'd, an cowards d——'d,
An tongues within their mouths be clam'd,
'At says we'll nut defend.'

"Then up gat Har wi' visage stern,
An boldly thus spak he
'Ga back, thou limb lop'd off a kneayve,
This message tak frame,
That short's the time allowed for boast
To foreign thieves on Britain's coast
Yer hordes away—nea langer stay
Wo! to the man who doth delay
A wild boar's deeth he's dee.'

"The chieftain then turn'd to his men,
Saying, 'Vanish'd hes the sun
Ga dip yer spears in †Odin's streem,
While I ga to ‡Hoff Lun,
Where leeves a Priestess bred of Thor
Deep skill'd in art an magic lore,
Wha can relate of future date,
An tell to mortal man his fate
What race he hes to run.'

"Then t' meun her feayce began to show
Ayont the mountains hi',
As Har cawd up his favourite hound
To bear him company.
Away he splodg'd in pensive mood,
Towards the temple in the wood,
A kind o' fear an feelings queer
Com ower the chief as he drew near
That pleayce o' mystery.

"'Twas just about the hour o' twelve
When he a leet espied,
Wi' thankful heart the seayme to see
He onward quickly kied.

A lusty sybil silent sat By ember low, a bowl an cat, To scan the stars—Juno and Mars, The rules of thunder, and of wars, Man's destiny to guide.

- "Then she the chieftain thus address'd:

 'Let silence seal thy tongue,
 I know thee an thy errand's cause,
 Thou fain would'st hear thy doom.
 This mitch I'll tell, but ax nea mair,
 Thy men the victory shall declare,
 An thy girt fame and valiant name
 A spot on Harbourn Rigg shall claim
 For ages hence to come."
- "Then fierce an louder blew the blast,
 While distant thunder rowl'd,
 The greaynen trees an t' leetnin's flash
 A tempest rough fortold.
 An then a voice cried, 'Har, tak heed,
 Beware the man on dappl'd steed.'
 He heard nea mair—nea form was there,
 But up like brissles reayse his hair,
 An thrice the hound dog gowl'd.
- "The staggerin warnin struck him deep,
 Though fear he scarcely knew,
 Then heaymeward through the roughest storm
 That e'er on mortal blew,
 Where he arrived by morning gray,
 Just as the gloamin fringed the day,
 An on the grund encamp'd around
 His warriors they were sleeping sound,
 For cares they hed but few.
- "'Arise,' cried Har, 'and quickly arm,
 Thrice welcome in the day,
 For ere the sun rise mid-sky heet
 We'll hev a glorious fray.

An curse the tremblin coward's neayme Wha feights not boldly for his heayme, Sea spurn yer fears, an whet yer spears.' Then up they reayse wi hearty cheers, A lang an loud 'Huzzah.'

"Nea valet's skill to deck their dress,
Their robes were buff and steel,
A wild boar stew was quickly cook'd
To mak their morning meal.
When they'd supplied their inward needs
Then mounted on their battle steeds,
In bold array, withoot dismay,
They cheering did salute the day,
Quite leet their hearts did feel.

"Then ower the distant Stainemore Hills
The sun began to gleem,
The storm was hush'd, aw Nature smil'd
Ower plains o' verdant green.

The Danish camp steude full i' seet,
'Bout t' distance o' twelve arrows fleet,
A host from there, weel arm'd for war,
Com rushen towards t' camp of Har,
Wi' boasten in their mien.

"Then Har a trumpet loudly blew
'At echo'd through the glen,

An Horsa's standard hoisted hi'
To cheer his valiant men;
While t' Danes in t' grund their standard stuck,
Its bold device—a Raven black—
Wi' boasten words an full drawn swords
They sweare they'd drive the Saxon hords
Wi' speed ower Gents Fell end.

"'Twas then the rumpess it began An arrows flew like snow, While on the fiery Norsemen com Wi' deeth in ivvery blow. Sea fierce an furious was the feight,
Axes swung wi' giant's might,
Each sweep an swash meayde geaype an gash,
While vengence fra their een did flash
To strike the deadly blow.

- "Then t' Danish chief on dappl'd steed,
 Reet warrior like to see,
 Reayde up into the battle thrang,
 An lusty limbs hed he;
 His shouders breayde show'd his girt strength
 His spear six cubits was i' length,
 Cried, 'Chieftain, stand, at my command,
 An yield to me this wood and land,
 Than tak thy life an flee.'
- "'Come on,' cried Har, 'thy boasting spare,
 A braggard Dane I hate,
 The Saxon language speaks in blows
 When foreign thieves do prate,
 An t' first that shrinks fra threatnen death,
 D—d be he—as said Macbeth—
 Sea rouse thy spite to du thy might,
 For deeth to t' teayne shall end the fight—
 'Tis thine or mine the fate.'
- "Then on they rush'd—the mighty shock
 Rang through the battle field;
 In shivers flew the Danish spear
 As it met Saxon shield,
 An Har with arm uplifted hee,
 Cried 'Dog of baseness, thou sall dee,'
 When whizzen through the air there flew
 A deadly shaft from Danish bow,
 Poor Har to it must yield.
- "To cheer his men wi' dying voice, Throughoot the host it rung, Then furious in the pangs o' deeth His ponderous axe he swung.

That struck the Danish chieftain doon, An laid him lifeless on the groun', Then cried 'Huzzah, we win the day!' As life teuk fleet an doon he lay A corpse upon that mound.

"When t' Saxons saw their chieftain's fate
Wi' madden'd fury they
Rush'd on the Dane wi' might and main
Till deed in heaps they lay;
Wi' axes girt they splat each shield,
Till rump an stump they'd clear'd the field,
Then in deep grief they mourn'd their chief,
An curs'd the base outlandish thief
That teuk his life away.

"An that seayme rubbish heap o' steaynes
Marks oot the battle field,

Twas there they laid their chieftain's beaynes,
At t' spot where he was kill'd.
An curse the sacraligious kneayve
That ere disturbs him in his greayve,
Though time may flee—in memory he
From age to age will ever be
At Harbourn sacred held."

THE BORDER FORAY.

My grandfadder sat in his auld arm chair,
His locks were as white as the snow,
For time is a tearer,—his teeth they are keen,
Nin'ty five summers and winters he'd seen,
Quite widder'd and thin was his paw.

As he sat i' the neuk on the lang winter neets,
I used to draw up to his knee,
Though his limbs thin an feeble, his mem'ry was good,
He telt me lang teayles 'bout Bold Robin Hood
An robbers an pirates at sea.

But the best o' them aw was a Westmorland legend,
It exceeded aw others by far,
'At his grandfadder's fadder, or some seck relation,
Telt him how the Scots yance invaded this nation
An stuck up their standard o' war.

A barelegg'd an breechesless crew fra the Hielands, A ragg'd an ruffianly horde, The Gordons, McAlpines, an sturdy McBryle, Fierce Wallace, an Maichel fra t' shire of Argyle, An Dick o' the flaming sword.

An three sturdy clans fra the Lowlands did join, McIvors, McOvers, McOudes, An terrible Tim, that dreed thief o' the deayle, Wha wad cut thirty throats for a bowlful o' keayle, Or rob coffin'd deed o' their shrouds.

Seck a mixture of raskals aw jummeld togither Is seldom presented to view, An mair than a dozen fra Balliol's Court, That hed a bit smak for the plunderin' sport, Join'd in wi' the masheldum crew.

Then off they set at maddog speed,
Through Edinburgh shire, an cross'd the Tweed,
By Selkirk, Melrose, Hawick Mill,
An cross'd the Jed—ower Hobkirk Hill.
Then splash for splash the Liddle cross'd,
On English grund their bonnets toss'd,
For when they smel't good British cheer
They yell'd "Hurrah,"—the deed mud hear.

Then a standard they hoisted, the motto was deeth,
An the queerest device you e'er saw,
'Twas an Englishman's ghost fra the body new hatch'd,
Wham a Hielander's breayde sword hed lately despatched,
Takken fleet to the regions below.

Then they ralli'd round t' standard, their counsil was short,
A plan o' their route was seun laid,
"Twas to hie through the country as fast as they could,
Withoot any plunder or sheddin o' blood,
Till they gat to t' far end o' their raid.

Then to turn an cry havoc like discord's ill dogs, Full o' mischief an nowt 'et was good, To forward—rush on, like the rough helm gales, Or t' fifteen scwore foxes wi' fiery tails, To plunder an burn what they could.

Thus ended the counsil—they shouder'd their kits, Some jabber'd a prayer—some an oath; Then off like auld foxes, sea cunning an sly, On byeways, by meunleet, away they did hie, An meayde it their route by Culgaith.

Lang 't will be remember'd in Cliburn toon
How they freeten'd the fwoak 'et leev'd there,
An roy'd, uninvited, on bannocks and beer
At t' auld wives hed brew'd for their Christmas cheer,—
They left many a pantry bare.

But wise men hev said—what we own to be true,
That delay is a treacherous jade,
For awhile she may gull us an feed us wi' dreems,
But at last she will bauk us an mar oor best schemes,
Though we think them sea cunningly laid.

Now we leave them awhile in their rebels' carant,
An see what was gaan on elsewhere,
For while they were eating an feasting their fill
The Beacons were blazing on ivvery hill,
A signal for war to prepare.

The clocks o' the village sma' numbers hed struck,
Two, three, four, mebby mair;
But 'twas that time o' year when t' sun crosses t' line,
An poachers rise early, when t' weather is fine,
In the mornings to catch an odd hare.

It happen'd at Reagill that some o' the trade
Hed risen that morn in good time,
An the first thing they saw was the hills in a blaze,
A signal weel kent in thur troublesome days,—
To neglect it was reckon'd a crime.

The 'larum through t' village like wildfire ran,
They aw left their beds, girt an sma';
Girt bites an quick swallows their breakfasts dispatch'd,
Then ledder an steel on their shouders were latch'd,
An they met in t' toon geayte yan an' aw.

Tom Hebblethwayte first com pashen doon t' road, On his shouder a girt iron bar, For he was a man of beayth courage an strength, His body's circumference 'greed wi' its length, A monster in famine or war.

A dozen fra Sleagill an two o' the Blands,
Tough Parkin an hauf a sewere mair,
Mad Michael, rough Robin, an dangerous Dan;
Of three auld scythe bleaydes they'd each gitten yan.
An formidable weapons they were.

Then timerous Teddy, he trimmel'd an steude,
An belched out a terrible sigh,
When Dare-Divvil Dick, with an auld rusty spear,
Cries, "D—m the faint heart that would bide in the rear
An the Divvil tak' t' hindmost say I."

Then some bade good day to their sisters an mudders,
An odd uns shak'd hands wi' their wives,
An just as dim dayleet gev out its first glent
Thirty stout fellows up Coday aw went
Determin'd to feight for their lives.

Then away up by Tooset, towards Strickland Moor,
There they fand het employment enough,
Whar hundreds hed ralli'd sen t' day it was leet,
An t' breechesless divvils were just comin' o' seet,
Nut thinkin' to meet a rebuf.

First glif meayde them halt an feel for their dirks,
Then set up a dog-kennel chang,
Though the Englishmen kent varra few o' their words
They seun gat acquainted wi' dirks an breayde swords,
Fand it oot they were sharp but nut lang.

Then the Reagillers charged, Tom Hebblethwayte first, Wid his geayvelock amang them let flee, Ivvery stroke et he struck meayde a Hielander greayne, Like Samson 'mang t' giants wi' t' jackass jaw beayne, Sma thanks for his mercy gat he.

Fast an furious they fowt for an hour or mair,
Till the Hielanders fairly gev in;
Being minus o' breeches they ran like wild deer
An left their persuers far back i' the rear,
An thus 'scaped a slash i' the skin.

Then they buried their deed on Girt Strickland Moor An their greayves may be seen to this day, To remind us how times for the better are changed, Sen hordes o' marauders through t' country ranged In what they then cawd a foray.

But now we're united through thick an through thin, We own them as brudders an proud of oor kin; We mix aw togither withoot fear of oor lives, The dawters o' Scotland mak Englishmen wives An auld feuds are away wi' the wind.

THE ANTIQUARY.

A man that I wish to point oot to yer notice At Reagill yance leeved, 'twas the famed Thomas Bland, An auld antiquary, cramfull o' queer nwoations, As any ye'd find in the length o' the land.

He knew aw the history o' t' world's creation Fra t' making o' Adam to t' birth o' Tom Thumb; He telt us the earth's compositions is gasses An fwoak's meayde of air seayme as a balloon.

He talk'd about metals being fused by eruption An how they were melted like sowder or tin, He knew aw the strata of rock fra the surface Aw t' way doon to the boiling het fluid within.

He hammer'd oot shells fra the hard rock o' limestone, An sed they'd been fishes some thousand years sen, He was crack'd, that's a certainty oot of aw question, To think of imposing o' sensible men.

Then seck a collection of rubbish and kelder, Auld things that he telt us the Britons yance meayde, Bits o' spears meayde o' flint, broken millstones and trinkums Seck a cargo o' kelder—a decent ship-leayd.

Gang when ye wad, 'tween sunrise and settin'
Ye'd find him at work in his garden or den,
Where he spent aw his time wi' his mell and his chisel
His paint brush and canvas, or sketch beuk and pen.

He wad gang twenty miles wi' a sketch beuk an pencil To draw an auld shield et he might wish to see, An then fra the dots, cross lines, an the shap on't He wad deayve ye to deeth wi' the lang pedigree.

An could tell wha's it was whether duke, lord, or baron, An how they behaved when they went a crusade, Or if 'twas a she et the shield hed belang'd tul, He could tell ye et yance if she'd deed an auld maid. He'd creatures of aw maks stuck up in his garden, Fra a hippopotamus to Whittington's cat, Lions, dogs, deevils, wild boars an teayme eagles, Beats Wombwell's meuagery hollow an flat.

There's Addison, Cæsar, St. George, and Hugh Miller, Poet Burns an lots mair, I've forgitten their neaymes, An busts o' girt men fra aw parts o' the world, An some in the meun I dare say hed their heaymes.

In the cauld days o' winter he set on a fire In a grate like a helmet stuck in a wholl, A shield for his shovel, a sword for his poker, And an Indian tomahawk cleayve the girt cwoal.

He paid equal respect to a beuk larn'd beggar, A hawker, a squire, a duke, or a lord; If they talk'd aboot science, or telt a good stwory, He grappl'd it aw without missing a word.

The man is now deed, but the garden is oppen To strangers who hev a desire to see; An come when ye will I'll forfeit my dinner If ye think I hev telt ye a word of a lee.

PEG SNEDDLE.

When May-poles steude on village green, Aw deck'd wi' flowers so gay, An lads an lasses smartly dress'd, 'Twas few who didn't wear their best To welcome t' First o' May.

Fair Margret Sneddle of renown,
Was then the village belle,
Sweet blooming lass of seventeen
Was often chosen May-day Queen
T' rule the festivell.

Successive years on Rural Throne
She did supremely reign,
An many a suiter through the land
Tried hard to gain the heiress hand
Of Crackenthorpe's domain.

But why the cause—oor legend's dumb—Yet this mitch can be said,
That aw through her eventful life
She nivver did git meayde a wife,
But leev'd and deed a maid.

Bad laws an tyrants seun can change
The spirit of oor dreem,
An change oor prospects fair an breet,
Into a chaos, black as neet,
Ner leave a single gleem.

Thus Margret's guardian treeted her,
An left her withoot hope,
He rob'd her of the fair domain
An aw that unto did pertain
The lands at Crackenthorpe.

An when of wealth she was deprived
Her beauty seun teuk leg,
Tho' to this day she hauds her fame,
Fwoak seun began to change her name
An cawd her Spiteful Peg.

An telt sad teayles of meetings held
At midneet, nar a well,
Whaur she'd been seen in company wi'
A celebrated Majesty
Fra whaur I winnot tell.

But time brings aw things to an end,
Oor pleasure or oor pain,
In time, Peg doff'd her mortal yoke
An buried was like other folk,
But still she com again.

An play'd sad pranks wi' peur fwoak's nerves, While ridin' through the air, An many a tremblin sinner she Has flay'd hauf way to purgatory, As some fwoaks can declare.

An at the well sometimes is seen
A still mair weardly seet,
Her guardian's ghost on gibbet swings,
Peg feeds her hate, while thus he hings
By pooing at his feet.

SHAP ABBEY.

AN ADDRESS TO SHAP ABBEY ON THE EXCAVATION OF ITS RUINS IN 1864.

Peur auld Abbey! some comfort hes come i' thy need, Thou's lang been encumber'd wi' rubbish an weed, But his Lordship,* at last, hes proposed a good deed,—To clear thy auld pile of its rubbish sea vile Embedded, now thickly, on transept and aisle, Sen monks of the order sea stately did pass Doon thy aisle to the altar at mattins and mass.

What a pity to see thee for ages neglected, An stan i' thy ruin sea ragg'd and dejected, Thou who yance was wi' reverence sea girtly respected, When thou steude i' thy grandeur, sea matchless in splendour, Nea finger durst point ner tongue wag in slander At the monks of the order who stately did pass Doon thy aisle to the altar at mattins and mass.

* The Earl of Lonsdale.

My dinner each day for a week I'd a gi'en,
If just for ten minutes I could but ha seen
Thee i' thy prime, as thou yance mun ha been,
When thy mattin bells rang their musical clang
As the monks wi' mould candles doon t' alley did gang,
While the leets like kaleidoscopes danc'd through the glass
As they marched in full order at midneet to mass.

Auld history tells us the cause o' thy ruin,
When King Henry VIII. for divorcement was suing,
An banish'd peur Keaytee to start a fresh wooing,
Then basken an lullen in t' arms o' Nan Bullon
He meayde her his queen, but then acted the sullen,
'Twas, then that he wanted mair silver and brass,
Sea he scail'd the peur Abbeys, the monks an their mass.

Ah! laal did t' think when thou offered protection
To t' beaynes o' girt Clifford* till t' day of resurrection,
'At beayth thee an them wad be gi'en for dissection
When t' King like Beltshazzer fand t' cash ran short measure,
An sent doon Tom Cromwell to git him mair treasure;
An he was a cowardly, unprincipl'd ass—
Paid rev'rence to nowt, neither monks ner their mass.

Sea now nivver mair mun thou haud up thy heed, But miter and moulder like t' beaynes o' the deed, But still an odd prop or a creaym i' thee need May stop the decay that is wasting away The waws o' thy steeple, sea ancient an gray, 'At yance was possess'd o' five girt bells o' brass To summon the monks to their meals and to mass.

* Lord Robert Clifford, killed at Bannockburn.

THE LATE THOMAS BLAND, REAGILL.

IN MEMORIAM, I.

Sad I feel at the loss of my friend now departed,
Alang wi' his spirit my prospects are gone,
For he was a friend ivver kind an true hearted,
Now I feel as if left in this world forlorn.
Gone are the days of m' sunshiny pleasure,
Nor amair sall I spend happy hours of my leasure,
Nor instruction git fra his wisdom an wit,
Far richer to me than the miser his treasure.

When I leuk 'round his garden it seems quite neglected,
The pictures are gloomy, the statues forlorn,
An the sang o' the birds maks me sad and dejected,
As they chaunt his requiem on the beech an the thorn:
But the jav'lin of deeth, tho' so fat'lly hurl'd,
Can not put a check on the voice of worth's herald
That hes justly gone forth to tell of his worth,
An spreed oot his fame in a blaze through the world.

His neayme may be beuk'd 'mang the Westmorland worthies,
Ivverlastingly stamp'd on the immortal role,
A record is writ on the works he has left us
That tells o' the might an the grasp of his soul.
Wi' the trio of graces he gat weel acquainted,
As his sculpture will show, an the scenes he has painted;
True in his dealings, unselfish his feelings,
His loss to us aw may be deeply lamented.

IN MEMORIAM, II.

Let Reagill don her sable duds,
For she hes cause to mourn,
Her star is set, her fame is gone,
To nivver mair return.
Yet she may boast what few can boast,
That she yance did give birth
Unto a son, a genius breet,
Of talent and of worth.

His grasp of soul was like the frost
That locks the yearth in bond,
It fell on aw creation's craft
To haud at his command.
His wit was like the 'lectric flash,
His memory deep and strang,
His brain a store o' wisdom piled,
A miscellaneous thrang.

To roam abroad in Nature's field
True pleasure he could find,
Always intent to swell the bulk
Of his capacious mind.
He woo'd an won the sisters three,
His garden that can tell,
For there he spent his honeymoon,
Wi' paint brush, tool, an mell.



NOTES.

PAGE 5 .- " Heigh Jack, Ho Jack, is te within?"

To which is added the reply,-

"Heigh Jack, Ho Jack's scauded in his skin,"

is a couplet well known to every one, having its origin in the non-successful robber tale of Bewley Castle; on which story the incidents depicted in the poem are founded.

PAGE 5 .- "' Twas then the grand Cassel o' Bewley steude proudly."

Bewley Castle, now in ruins, is situated about two miles north-west of Appleby. It is a building of very ancient date, and was formerly, for a long time, the occasional residence of the Bishops of Carlisle, probably when in danger in the city from the incursions of the Scots.

PAGE 6.—" A while she 'connoitered to se wha was there."

The gateway was peculiar in its construction. It was a large flat-topped entrance, having on each side a small window or loophole strongly stanchioned with iron bars, through which those inside, secure themselves, might be able to see what approached, or to defend the gateway in case of assault.

Page 7.—" The housekeeper doon on her knees daben reshes."

Rush or resh candles were made of the pith of rushes, from which the outside had been stripped, dipped in melted tallow. The rushes were not considered fit for use unless pulled at the full moon. They were fixed in a "Tom Candlestick," and about seventy or eighty years ago were in common use, around whose feeble light the good dames of Westmorland were wont to assemble, to windle, wind, and spin.

PAGE 11 .- " The Dobbie."

A Dobbie is a spirit having the power to speak with mortals, and also able to perform various actions for their benefit or discomfiture. They have the power of taking upon them various forms, and the one in question has been seen by different individuals—to some as a white bull looking through the windows at midnight; to others as a sheeted figure waving a knife; and to one in particular it appeared and disclosed the whereabouts of some hidden treasure, at the same time told them the period of its death.

PAGE 12.—" An efter t' draw-brigg he hed cross'd."

Crosby Hall has been in the possession of many important families, and is of very ancient date. It was re-built many years ago, but there are still to be seen traces of its former grandeur. It has been surrounded by two moats, one within the other; and on the east side near the church, on the outer moat, are the foundations of the mantle tower, to which would be the drawbridge. The anecdote of the man on horseback arriving at the hall is a tradition yet known by many in the neighbourhood, but nothing more than what is mentioned in the poem is remembered.

PAGE 18.—" Then they dismounted round t' Black Dub."

Black Dub is the source of the Lyvennet. Past it, over the wild heathy fells, laid the Roman Road from Borough Bridge to Kirkby Thore. The highway from the north continued to be along this route till the formation of the present road over Shap Fells. Tradition says that King Charles I. regaled his army here on their march from Scotland, August 8th, 1641, and that a shepherd named Thwaytes, from Crosby, who was herding his sheep, was called upon and requested personally by the King to act as guide over the hills. There is an obelisk erected here by the late Mr. Thomas Bland, of Reagill, to commemorate the event.

Page 19.—" Gits bits o' helps fra t' dubs an t' sykes, O' t' way through Crosby Gill."

Crosby Gill is an extensive forest of brush-wood, many hundreds of acres in extent, and is intersected by many deep glens, down which flow the different tributaries of the Lyvennet. This, in the time of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, was surrounded by a high park wall, and well stocked with deer.

Page 20.—"'Twas here the Danes a standard stuck."

Raven-Crag, Raven-Gill, Ravensworth, and Odindale, all in the immediate neighbourhood, are names bearing evidence to the existence of that race of people whose worship was directed to the "Raven God."

PAGE 23--Jos o' t' Ho."

Jos o' t' Ho was one of those who had the good fortune, although an eccentric character, to be a favourite, and that of no less a personage than the noted Jammy Lowther, of Mauld's Meaburn Hall. He had an unbounded affection for his glass, and often went to such an excess with it as to become blue-

devilled. The anecdote on which the poem is founded is one of his adventures in that state, on returning from Shap after a spree, and was told by himself, concluding thus, - "I turned round an they efter me, lick for smack ower Harbourn Rigg, but they nivver gained a yard o' me, till I gat to Howbeck Brigg, an' then I saw nea mair o' them." He frequently had fearful stours with his deevils in the Ho stables, having an old man to turn the door while he with his whip skelped and flogged amongst them, ever an anon cursing his assistant for neglect, in allowing to escape - now a horned one and now a cowed one. The old man, in his vain endeavours to please, exclaims, "Let me du ill or du weel he always cursed." There is another story told which strongly displays his eccentric character. A neighbour of his being dead, the bearers were passing along past the court wall with the corpse, when "crack" went the report of a gun, and immediately Jos's broad face was seen above the wall. "Oh, Jos!" said one of the attendants, "what for did ye du that? ye suddent shut at a corpse, man." "Dam the rascal," was the reply, "he's stown many a yat loop and creuk fra me; I was determined to give him a crack at last."

PAGE 23.—" Whare leev'd the crossest mortal man That ivver yet was born."

Cross John was well known, as his name implies, from his bad temper, to which might be added an avaricious propensity, even beyond his own benefit; for, having lived to a good age, he went and had his life insured, returned home, and poisoned himself. This last deed it is said was done to cheat the insurance office, and had taken place only a short time before the incident recorded in the poem.

Every one in his youthful gambols around the nooks and corners of home will remember the sudden appearance of an unsuspected playmate with the startling cry of "Bo;" such is the character to which the poem relates.

Page 28.—" A century or mair before Julius Casar."

The date of the tale, as authenticated by history, is too early for the invasion of the sea kings, who did not infest our shores till long after the Roman power ceased to exist in Britain; but it is far from improbable that adventurous hordes roamed amongst our islands long before the time of Julius Cæsar. The incidents depicted are in a great measure imaginative, but are founded on the tradition that Agitha, a famed Celtic beauty, who, while herding her flocks on a rocky cliff, was espied by

Bo, when hunting, and he being struck with her beauty endeavoured to seize her, but in the attempt was knocked down and killed by her tame goat.

PAGE 28 .- "Ya time a girt lot o' thur reed-heeded villains."

The Danes and Scandinavians in general had hair of a red colour, and were of fair complexion. The inhabitants in some parts of Northumberland to the present day bear evidence of their descent from this race.

Page 30.—"An girt wer' t' dimensions o' t' cairn they raised ower him In Cairnigill Forest o' t' banks o' the Lune."

Cairnigill is a deep glen running up from the Lune; and on the south side, occupying a prominent position on the point of a hill, is a large cairn, from which the Gill undoubtedly receives its name. Borrowdale mentioned in this poem is in Westmorland.

PAGE 30.—" Sea awful, his form, an his voice like a barguest."

A barguest is a spirit known only through the sense of hearing, being a something which, during the dark hours of night, disturbed the last generations of Westmorland with its awful howling:

PAGE 30.—"An auld mear 'ill startle an throw off her rider When she hears the dread sound of the terrible Bo."

PAGE 34.—" Just teuk a turn through Glopper Field."

Tradition says that Glopper Field has been the scene of a battle, and that the vanquished were driven by their victors through a gateway. It appears from this that it has been an engagement with the Romans, perhaps against the Britons, who, undoubtedly, defeated, were made to pass beneath the yoke. There is in the same field a large stone called the "Branden Stone," upon which are some circles and other marks; probably from the name it may have been the stone upon which the vanquished were branded as slaves.

PAGE 34 .- " There sat the auld witch, Mary Beaynes."

Mary Beaynes was an Orton Parish notoriety, and lived about 100 years ago. The hunt described in the poem is currently believed to have taken place, the old witch having turned herself into a hare. Her death is also believed to have been caused by the roasting some eggs which she had witched; her charm over the eggs had been such, that if destroyed, the witch would then die the same death; this the good dame having found out, roasted them, and thus destroyed old Mary. She was found dead in bed one morning, and upon examination it was found she had died from erysipelas, which had run up one side

to her head—of course this was the scorching caused by the frying of the witched eggs.

PAGE 53 - "The Death of Har.".

Some years ago a cairn on the summit of Harbourn Rigg was opened in which was found a Cist containing human remains, also some relics of Saxon origin. As there are other places in the neighbourhood that have names coupled with that of Har, such as Harberwain, Harkeld (Hars Well), &c., it suggests that Har may have been a chief or leader in the Saxon ranks, and that the cairn on Harbourn Rigg may have been his sepulchre. Legend tells of a battle being fought about a mile further south and the bulk of the slain were buried at a place called Sealhow. About a mile northward is the name of a Danish camp which suggests the battle.

Odin or Wodin - Saxon God.

*"That rubbish heap o' steaynes" is the cairn which I suppose to be Har's grave, and my friend, Thomas Bland, the self-taught artist and sculptor of Reagill, is supposed to be sketching the same when I make him tell me the story.

†"Odin Streem" dedicated to Odin and flows down the dale

from Odin-head on the south east side of Harbourn Rigg.

‡" Hoff Lun."
Tradition tells of the "Wise Woman of Hoff" who could foretell man's future fate by reading or consulting the stars.

§" The Danish camp steude full i seet."

About a mile to the north of Har's cairn are the remains of what is supposed to be a Danish camp.

"' Horsa's standard."
The Saxon standard.

PAGE 60.—The Border Foray.

This Legend is written on rather doubtful authority. I cannot remember the name of the person who informed me that a battle had been fought between the country people and some Scotch marauders on Great Strickland Moor, and that some time ago, whilst opening a quarry, six skeletons were dug up. He also said that the marauders (rebels he called them) had robbed some houses near Cliburn or Culgaith of all the provisions they contained.

PAGE 66.—Peg Sneddle's Well.

This well is situated at Crackenthorpe. Peg had been deprived by her guardian of her rights, and it was believed that her ghost made its appearance at this well.

PAGE 68.—" Peur auld Abbey! some comfort hes come i' thy need."

In the year 1864 six other workmen and myself were employed to clear away the rubbish from off the transept and other parts of the ruin.

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